Yolanda's House

Ghostface Killah

Yeah yo, I'm skinned up, Nike's is scuffed
Still buggin' earlier around four, how I escaped the bust?
The way I fell, cracked the face of my watch
My man's chantin' me on like, "Run son, don't go up in the spot"Jettin' through bushes and backyards, neighbors is rattin' me out
Dogs is barkin', all you hear is the car's sirens
I'm tryin' to think and toss the iron
Bomb in my sweats got me runnin', funny, you think I'm lyin'May God strike me if he don't like me, I'm tired and I'm out of breath
The weed got me paranoid, my heart's poundin' through my chest
Tryin' to focus up and make progress
That's what I get for slingin' in them projectsNext thing you know, I'm in this bitch's crib chillin'
Told her my story and like this, I had her legs in the ceiling
Cookin' me fried fish sticks, hot side of them biscuits
While she doin' this, the bitch still slidin' on lipstickNow I got the fat stomach on, she crackin' a dutch
I'm playin' with her pussy on the couch, I'm ready to fuck
Like, come here miss lady wop, where you put the condom box?
She finished off the last one, oh shit, I hear the copsHandcuffs and talkies, I mashed her white Yorkie
Jettin' up the stairs, them pigs want revenge like Porky's
So I slid, hid behind the wall, opened the door
Like, ooh, I seen my man, Meth goin' in raw
So he jumped up, balls out, hid in the closet
I'm dyin' laughin', he said "Yo Starks be quiet"Now, let me put my drawers on, nigga what kinda dope you on?
Should've knocked before you came in the spot
Ghost you wrong bustin' in here on the government shit
Got this chick screamin', grabbin the sheets, tryin' to cover her titsShe's asthmatic and you laughin' son
I bump my toe on the nightstand just runnin', tryin' to grab the gun
Shit's real man, you spazzin' dun
There comes a time in a man's life, he gotta toss his pack and run
You know we family like Crack and PunBut Mr. JFK, state your business after that be one
Now can it be that you hot lord?
You did some shit on the block that the cops tryin to lock you for?
Can't believe you blowin' the spot LordMy chick is buggin', she trippin'
My dick keep slippin' out my boxer drawers
Now I'm caught up in the drug sting
Niggas is callin' my horn, police is hittin' every corner we onCan't understand it, it's a thug thing
And in the moment of thought
I'm interrupted by Shallah RaekwonI need my money Meth, gonna buy them hundred birds
Tell Tone, get at me, all them little clients want work

He know we fresh out, tell the kid meet me, matter of fact beep me
Word to mother, Lord, son he got me hurtYou still fuckin' shorty? I knew it
The big mouth broad that be yolkin' my balls out
Her little brother wanted two bricks
You know the nigga licks, a Maybach on twenty six
All he do is get money, hustle, he's a dickHe told me foul shit, wild shit
That nigga wear a lot of loud shit, no, that Steve Rifkind style shit
Hit me with some other talk, him in New York
They robbed the Venezuelan niggas, stabbed his son with a forkThat was Jesus' rooster's little niece, little nooses
Father's homeboy, that's the kid who gave us a boost
He gave them things on the arm, said for us to be calm
And if some beef pop off, go ahead and ring the alarm, c'mon

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